

The Weekly Museum

Four Cents single.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 29, 1796.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.]

No. 19. of Vol. IX.] New-York: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISON, at his Printing-Office, (Yorick's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip. [Whole Numb. 435.]

THE HEIRESS OF DEVON.

[Continued from our last.]

HOUSE of Devon, she exclaimed, how little art thou indebted to Ethelwald—but for him thou might have been elevated to regal power, perhaps immortal fame; but his shackles have bound my hands, and the daughter of Ordun shall support them with calmness; yet never shall her high-born soul assist his mean design; she will at least prove to the royal Edgar she was not so unworthy as depicted of sharing his honours.

Ethelwald was compelled to set forward to receive his sovereign. Edgar panted for revenge, but dissimulation was now necessary for the blackness of his intentions. He met the Baron with a smiling aspect, chid him with gentleness for his long seclusion from the court, but vowed for the future to break in upon his domestic system of tranquillity.

The faint heart of Ethelwald was cheered by this reception, but it again smote its tenement when leading to the Baroness's apartment. To sequester her he knew would have been impossible; even a pretext of illness must have excited suspicion.

The folding doors were flung open by two fair boys. Elfrida rested on a sofa, the youngest of her attendants ranged around; but what horrors blasted the eyes of Ethelwald on beholding her surpassing loveliness. Her habit conveyed an idea of splendour without heaviness; a robe of pale blue carelessly spotted with silver fell far beneath her feet; the delicacy of her waist was displayed by a confining girdle of pearls; her bosom polished and white beyond compare was faintly shaded by the decorating lace; her shining tresses unbound to shew the luxuriance of their growth, had now no other covering than a light veil, which falling back in seemingly artless folds discovered a face the model of human beauty.

She arose with a kind of dignified disorder; she stepped forward, her knee touched the ground to pay her first obeisance to her King; the resistless glow of modesty mantled quick upon her cheek; her lips scarce emitted a sound; nor was one articulate save the tremulous word of welcome.

Edgar gazed upon her with astonishment, he was transfixed like a statue, and his eyes alone evinced his animation.

All is lost, cried Ethelwald to himself—his crimsoned cheek changing to the hue of death.

The King recollected himself; he could have fallen prostrate to implore Elfrida's forgiveness, for permitting her continuance in such a posture; he raised her, seated her on the sofa, himself beside her. Lady, said he, we and our court can scarcely pardon the Baron for concealing in invidious shades such perfections. If anxious for a reconciliation, he must no longer monopolize from the world so valuable a treasure—he glanced at Ethelwald—the hand of dismay was busy with his features, and marked too legibly the emotion of his soul.

Thou art my victim, said the king to himself, thou shalt no longer triumph in treachery, the lost hand I have touched shall yet be mine.

It was his wish, however, to dissipate the fears he excited; he only therefore treated Elfrida with the politeness due to her station. To the Baron, he behaved with additional complacency; repeatedly assured him he would no longer allow him to be retired from court.

The Baroness called forth every charm. After a few trifling excuses her voice accompanied the lute—'twas a thrilling melody—nor did her manner less delight; and Edgar felt in being robbed of the heiress of Devon he lost the most perfect of her sex.

Ethelwald at night attended him to his apartment—Baron, exclaimed the King, (when alone with him) you have not acted quite well to me, yet imagine not, he continued, (perceiving his agitation) my nature so severely harsh as to refuse pardon to a crime of love; it is what a man of will in his own breast find a palliation for; but if you desire I should be reconciled to you, you must conduct the Baroness to court; her charms should not be concealed from the world, nor can I longer bear thy estrangement from me.

My most gracious sire, my too kind, too indulgent master, said Ethelwald, sinking at his feet, I have not merited this clemency; 'tis an aggravation of my crime—but if the strictest vows, the sincerest resolutions of unshaken fidelity can extenuate my conduct, Ethelwald for ever shall not be recorded in the black volumes of perfidy and guilt.

The King appeared affected, he raised him, he pressed his hand, he reiterated his professions of kindness. The night waned away; the chase was to commence early the ensuing morning, and they separated.

Elfrida, who dreaded the remonstrances of the Baron for acting so contradictory to his wishes, pretended to be asleep when he entered her apartment, and when he rose by the first dawn of light her eyes were closed by its balsamic influence.

Ethelwald's happiness now seemed supreme; he had flung off that weight of apprehensions so long oppressive; the bright effusion of returning peace tintured his brown cheek; the fire of his eyes was re-lightened; the chords of his soul resumed their elasticity, with flattering prognostics of vibrating no more but to the sound of gladness—he resembled a wretched mariner, who, tossed by the whirl of winds and waters, attains at length the haven of security.

A numerous retinue attended the King and Ethelwald, and in the mazy winding of the forest of Harwood they pursued the timorous stag.

The King at length declared his fatigue; and expressing a private wish to the Baron of seeking a place for repose, they soon dropt the party and penetrated into the tangled and obscure paths. Dismounting from their steeds they proceeded into the centre of the forest, where the interwoven branches of old oaks hid the pure light of day.

Here the King stopped, and withdrawing his arm from Ethelwald's, Baron, said he, this is a moment for private conference I have sighed for.

My sire does honour to his vassal, he replied.

Yes, resumed he, I have longed, I have almost died to tell you, you are a base, perfidious traitor; didst thou suppose I would suffer thee to enjoy the fruits of thy deception? I thought you had known the high and vindictive soul of Edgar better. Ignoble Ethelwald I triumph over thee; that wife on whom thy eyes for the last time have feasted shall be mine ere thy clay-cold coverlet is green—thus, exclaimed he, drawing a dagger he had concealed beneath his habit, may this hand destroy all who shall dare to diminish the happiness of Edgar.

Ethelwald staggered at the blow which pierced his breast; 'tis just, he groaned—but oh, my wife! my El—frida, he would have added, but a convulsive writhing closed his lips, and senseless he dropped back.

The ensanguined steel fell from Edgar—his hand seemed nerveless—he would have fled, but the entangling brambles fastening in his garments, impeded his progress—he stopped panting—his eyes involuntary fastened on the pale visage of the youthful Baron.

'Tis a bold deed I have achieved, he cried, 'twas deserved;—yet, how horrible is death—so unprepared too; how gaily tinged was his cheek by that blood my dagger drank.

He extricated himself with precipitation from the baneful shades, leaving the bosom of the once gallant Ethelwald to be covered by the falling verdure of the forest.

The King was breathless as he gained his attendants; they surrounded him with astonishment, and supported him from the speed he could no longer sit. In faltering accents he answered their enquiries; they were suddenly assailed by vagrants, he escaped with difficulty; Ethelwald—he was unable to proceed, the horrid rest was guessed.

The piercing cries and lamentations of the domestics now smote his ears. Oh where, they cried, distractedly flying about, where are the monsters that spilled the blood of gallant Ethelwald?

The King desired to be borne to the castle; there Elfrida was devising new schemes to give a permanency to that admiration she perceived kindled in his eyes.

A murmuring noise now resounded through the castle, by degrees it approached nearer to her apartment; the most aged of the domestics rushed wildly in. He is gone, they exclaimed; he is lost forever. Oh, Lady, the hand of violence and barbarity has despoiled thee of thy Lord.

Ghastliness and horror overspread the features of the Baroness; a kind of conscious guilt pervaded her soul; she screamed faintly, and fell without sense upon the bosom of Bertha.

She was soon restored to reason, and the bitterness of sorrow, yet not that excruciating bitterness of sorrow which would have been her portion had her love for the Baron continued with its first ardour; she wept his fate, but her tears flowed not from the springs of agony.

Edgar remained at the castle; propriety might have forbidden his stay, but he hearkened not to its pleadings; there was a guilty transport felt under the roof with Elfrida.

He had it reported to her that the body of Ethelwald was vainly sought for by his desire, and as soon as decency would permit solicited and obtained an interview.

The surpassing loveliness of the Baroness amazed his enthralled heart; her waning colour, her tears that incessantly flowed, the solemnity of her habit, all worked upon the dormant powers of sensibility.

He experienced a trembling confusion; his eyes were averted, but with horror they fastened on some scattered habiliments of Ethelwald; the deed however was accomplished, nor could he feel compunction with the prize in view; he recovered his composure and endeavoured to soothe her. At length he imperceptibly led her into the path he desired, and mentioned, though with hesitation, his wishes.

Elfrida hung back at the proposal; the reserve of female modesty revolted at this speedy mention of another choice; she refused to answer, lost in an anxious embarrassment.

Lady, cried the ardent monarch, I wish not to encroach on the rites due to the memory of Ethelwald, but surely when fulfilled I may expect you to listen to my suit. Know, Lady, I have a prior right to thee, and but for his deceptions might have tasted the sweets of thy virgin affections; he is gone, however, and let it not be said, Edgar displays the faults of him who moulders to primeval dust. Oh! raise thy benign eyes upon me, nor let me find that the daughter of Ordun has beheld the vassal with more approbation than a King.

[To be continued.]

THE LOUNGING HOUSE-WIFE.

THE lounging house-wife rises in the morning in haste; for LAZY FOLKS are ever in a hurry. She has not time to put on her clothes properly, but she can do it at ANY TIME. She draws on her gown, but leaves it half pinned, her handkerchief is thrown awry across her neck, her shoes clown at the heels; she bustles about with her hair over her eyes; she runs from room to room, slipshod, resolved to do up her work and dress herself; but folks who are slipshod about the feet, are usually slipshod all over the house, and all day; they BEGIN EVERY THING AND FINISH NOTHING. In the midst of the poor woman's hurry, somebody comes in: she is in a flutter, runs into the next room, pins up her gown and handkerchief, hurries back with heels thumping the floor! Oh dear you have caught us all in the snare! I intended to have cleaned up before any person came in, but I had every thing to do this morning; in the mean time, she catches hold of the broom, and begins to sweep: the dust rises and stifles every soul present. This is ill manners indeed, to brush the dust into a neighbour's face.---but the woman is VERY SORRY IT HAPPENED SO.

Many a neighbour has thus been entertained with APPROPRIATE and DUST, at a friend's house, and wherever this place, depend on it, the mistress puts off to ANY TIME, that is, to NO TIME, what ought to be done at the PRESENT TIME.

AN ECDOTE.

A Farmer having settled in a country village, on a little farm, gained the esteem of the whole neighbourhood. The first year was hardly expired when he lost a very fine cow, which was by much the best of all his cattle, and he was extremely mortified at it; but this was nothing to the grief which he felt in a short time afterwards, when death also took away his wife. His neighbours thought they were obliged to comfort him: Honest farmer, said one of them, do not afflict yourself, the wife you have lost was a good one, it is true, but there is as good to be had. I have three daughters for my part; take your choice of them. Another offered him a sister; another a niece.---Lord have mercy upon us, replied the farmer, it is better to lose one's wife than one's cow; My wife is hardly three hours dead, and here are half a dozen people already offering to supply her place for me; BUT WHEN MY COW DIED, THE DEVIL & ONE SPOKE OF GIVING ME ANOTHER.

THE RED-BREAST.

A TALE.

OFF hath the subject of these artless lays,
A modest songster of the feather'd tribe,
Attracted from the Muse it's meed of praise,
And Thomson deign'd Sweet-Robin to describe.

In melancholy strains, tho' somewhat rude,
An elder Bard the Redbreast's merit tells;
And he, who at the Children of the Wood
Drops not a tear, in him no feeling dwells!

Even modern Pindar's bold, satyric page
Grows gentle, when of Robin's song he speaks,
And all in tenderness is lost the rage
Which on French democrats his satire wrecks!

But cease, vain fool, to mention names like these:
Thy homely verse will never reach their scale;
And all that thou canst hope, is but to please
With simple truth:---Proceed we to our tale.

In a sweet vale, near where the Blue Hills tow'r
Their giant-tops up to the yielding sky,
Arpasia liv'd, the favourite of the poor,
Fam'd thro' the land for mild humanity.

In life's decline she was, nor vainly try'd,
Like city dames, to sink one single year
Of what was pass'd, but, with the good she vy'd,
And for the vicious ev'n had a tear!--

One much-lov'd favorite this lady had,
'Twas neither squirrel, monkey, nor macaw,
Which in her chamber she most duly fed,
And safely guarded from Grimalkin's paw!--

A gentle Redbreast's sweetly plaintive note,
One winter's day, Arpasia's notice drew,
Which seem'd as shelter from the storm it sought,
And soon the warbler to the window flew;

Which, partly open to admit the air,
Poor Robin enter'd, something bolder grown,
For, tam'd by cold, he shew'd no sign of fear,
But pick'd the crumbs which on the floor were thrown;

Then hopp'd about, and ey'd the dame apace,
Who stirr'd not, lest her guest she might alarm,
But vow'd, delighted at the lucky chance,
Sweet Robin, while with her, should meet no harm!

But, not to make our story seem too long,
Our Robin with Arpasia soon grew tame,
And all the winter sooth'd her with his song,
Nor left her till the spring's mild season came;

Whose genial influence he no sooner felt,
Than to his woods and groves he gaily flew:
There, all the summer, with his kind he dwelt,
Nor back return'd, till winter onward drew:

Arpasia heard his note with glad surprise,
And hasten'd her dear truant to receive;
Yet scarcely could she trust her eager eyes,
But thought it some illusion to deceive;

'Till Robin quickly on her shoulder perch'd,
And peck'd her face and neck, as he was wont,
As if for food he long had vainly search'd,
And begg'd to have his crumb; and water-fount!

Poor Robin soon had all his wants supply'd---
How few to simple nature do belong!--
Then, when his appetite was satisfy'd,
He paid his mistress with a grateful song!

For several winters, Robin thus return'd,
And with Arpasia scap'd the snowy blast:
But soon, too soon her loss he sadly mourn'd,---
No happiness, alas! is made to last!

The good Arpasia felt relentless time,
Who steals on all with sure but silent tread,
While up the steps of this vain world we climb,
And feel his icy, when least the stroke we dread!

Arpasia died---fell death has no remorse!--
And Robin saw his mistress kind expire!
He saw her in her coffin stretch'd a corpse,
Nor from the body could he make retire!

But in sad state, dejected and forlorn,
Sate perch'd upon the lid, and silent mourn'd;
And when the coffin to the grave was borne,
Away he flew!--and ever more return'd.

BERDINAND.

ON THE REALITY, BEAUTY, IMPORTANCE, AND NECESSITY OF RELIGION.

AN EXTRACT.

A Few days after the archbishop of Paris and his vicars had set the example of renouncing their clerical character, a rector, from a village on the banks of the Rhone, followed by some of his parishioners, with an offering of gold and silver saints, chalices, rich vestments, &c. presented himself at the bar of the convention. The rector, a thin venerable looking man, with grey hairs, was ordered to speak. I come, said he, from the village of ***** where the only good building standing is a very fine church. My parishioners beg you will take it, to make an hospital for the sick and wounded of both parties, they being both equally our countrymen. The gold and silver, part of which we have brought in, you, they intreat you will devote to the service of the state, and that you will cast the bells into cannon to drive away its foreign invaders. For myself, I am come, with great pleasure, to resign my letters of ordination, of induction, and every deed and title by which I have been constituted a member of your ecclesiastical polity. Here are the papers; you may burn them, if you please, in the same fire with the genealogical trees and patents of the nobility. I desire, likewise, that you will discontinue my salary. I am still able to support myself by the labour of my hands; and I beg you to believe that I never felt sincerer joy than I now do in making this renunciation. I have longed to see this day; I see it, and am glad.

When the old man had done speaking, the applauses were immoderate. The rector did not seem greatly elated with these tokens of approbation; he retired back a few steps, and thus resumed his discourse. Before you applaud my sentiments, it is fit you should understand them; perhaps they may not entirely coincide with your own. I rejoice in this day, not because I wish to see religion degraded, but, because I wish to see it exalted and purified. By dissolving its alliance with the state, you have given it dignity and independence. You have done it a piece of service--a service which its well-wishers would perhaps never have had courage to render it, but which is the only thing wanted to make it appear in its genuine beauty and lustre. Nobody will now say of me, when I am performing the offices of my religion, it is a trade; he is paid for telling the people such and such things; he is hired to keep up a useful piece of mummery. They cannot now say this; and therefore I feel myself raised in my own esteem, and shall speak to them with a confidence and frankness, which, before this, I never durst venture to assume. We resign without reluctance our gold and silver images and embroidered vestments, because we have never found that looking upon gold and silver made the heart more pure, or the affections more heavenly; we can also spare our churches, for the heart that wishes to lift itself up to God will never be at a loss for a place to do it in; but we cannot spare religion, because, to tell you the truth, we never had so much occasion for it. I understand that you accuse us priests of having told the people a great many falsehoods. I suspect this may have been the case, but till this day we have never been allowed to enquire whether the things which we taught them were true or not. I cannot but hope, however, that the errors we have fallen into have not been very material, since the village has in general been sober and good; the peasants are honest, docile, and laborious; the husbands love their wives, and the wives their husbands; they are fortunately not too rich to be compassionate, and they have constantly relieved the sick and fugitives of all parties whenever it has lain in their way. I think, therefore, what I have taught them cannot be so very amiss. You want to extirpate priests, but will you hinder the ignorant from applying for instruction, the unhappy for comfort and hope, the unlearned from looking up to the learned? If you do not, you will have priests, by whatever name you may order them to be called; but it is certainly not necessary they should wear a particular dress, or be appointed by state letters of ordination. My letters of ordination are my zeal, my charity, my ardent love for my dear children of the village; if I were more learned I would add my knowledge, but alas! we all know very little: to a man every error is pardonable but want of humility. We have a public walk, with a spreading elm-tree at one end of it, and a circle of green round it, with a convenient bench. Here I shall draw together the children as they are playing around me. I shall point to the vines laden with fruit, to the orchards, to the herds of cattle lowing around us, to the distant hills stretching one behind another, and they will ask me, how came all these things? I shall tell them all I know.

have heard from the wife men who have lived before me they will be penetrated with love and veneration; they will kneel, I shall kneel with them; they will not be at my feet, but all of us at the feet of that Good Being, whom we shall worship together, and thus they will receive within their tender minds a religion. The old men will come sometimes from having deposited under the green sod one of their companions, and place themselves by my side; they will look withfully at the tomb, and anxiously enquire—is he gone forever? Shall we soon be like him? Will no morning break over the tomb?—When the wicked cease from troubling, will the good cease from doing good? We will talk of these things: I will comfort them. I will tell them of the goodness of God; I will speak to them of a life to come; I will bid them hope for a state of retribution.—You have changed our holy-days; you have an undoubted right, as our civil governors, to do so; it is very immaterial whether they are kept once in seven days, or once in ten; some, however, you will leave us, and when they occur, I shall tell those who chafe to hear me, of the beauty and utility of virtue, of the dignity of right conduct. There is a book out of which I have sometimes taught my people; it says we are to love those who do us hurt, and to pour oil and wine into the wounds of the stranger. In this book we read of a person called Jesus; some worship him as God; others, as I am told, say it is wrong to do so;—some teach that he existed before the beginning of ages; others, that he was born of Joseph and Mary. I cannot tell whether these controversies will be ever decided; but in the mean time, I think we cannot do otherwise than well in imitating him, for I learn that he loved the poor, and went about doing good.

SATURDAY, October 29, 1796.

IMPORTANT.

It is currently reported, that News has arrived at Philadelphia, that the KING OF PRUSSIA has DECLARED WAR AGAINST THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

ON Wednesday last the Rev. WALTER C. GARDNER, of the Episcopal Church in Hudson, in this State, was ordained a Priest by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost.

It is said, that letters are in town of late date from Halifax, informing, that 7 of the QUEBEC FLEET had been CAPTURED by the French Squadron, 6 of which were destroyed, and the 7th was manned for port, being estimated at upwards of £100,000 STERLING.

The Sloop, of August 19, states, that a courier passed through Strasbourg, August 25, from Berlin, supposed to contain PACIFIC PROPOSITIONS.

That the French minister Aubert Debayet, arrived at Constantinople August 24.

It was thought at Frankfurt, August 30, that Prince Charles, satisfied with having driven Jourdan from the Upper Palatinate, will now direct his army against General Moreau.

A great part of the French troops near Mentz, marched through Frankfort on the 3d of September to reinforce General Jourdan's army.

All the French troops on the left bank of the Rhine, and the whole of the Army of the North, also marched on the 4th September 50,000 of which were to increase the besieging army before Mentz.

By the arrival of the ship America, captain Ewing, at Philadelphia, in 27 days from Hamburg, German papers have been received to the 18th ult.

The accounts contained in these papers differ very materially, according to the spirit of politics by which they are respectively governed. They abound with details of the movements of the Austrian and French armies. A Vienna account of September 10th states the arrival of 36 different couriers from the Archduke Charles, with details of his successes over the French under Jourdan; and state the loss of the French on the 3d of September, in an action near Wultzburg, at from 2 to 6000 men, and 2000 prisoners. They add, also, that Wurtzburg had surrendered on the following day to the Austrians, who are said to have lost only 200 men in the action of the 3d; and that 2000 Hungarians had passed through Vienna in waggons, on their way to reinforce General Latour.

Our last accounts from Gen. Jourdan were dated on the 4th ult, the day after the action in which he is said to

have lost so many men. In his letter to the Directory, speaking of the action near Wurtzburg, he says—

"The action began at eight o'clock in the morning. The enemy, with a numerous cavalry, appeared to be superior on my left wing, and threatened to cut it off. I thought it necessary to run the hazard of a charge of cavalry, which might procure us the greatest advantages. Some of the enemy's corps were worsted, and shattered: but fresh troops advancing, our cavalry were surprized, and retired. I have, therefore, been obliged to retire. The retreat has been effected happily enough."

If we allow the Austrian official accounts to be exact, the French army during their whole retreat from August 25 to September 8, has not lost more than from 8 to 10,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, besides one stand of colours, and seven pieces of artillery. The 65 pieces of heavy artillery which fell into the hands of the Austrians at Schweinfurt, were carried off by the French from Nuremberg and Fordeim, in order to make use of them in their retreat as occasion should require. They left them in the defiles between Zeil and Schweinfurt, which rendered the road from Bamberg to the latter town impracticable, and consequently the pursuit of the Austrians impossible. Jourdan has advanced with seven divisions of his army within ten miles of Bohemia, and left five divisions on the banks of the Mein and the Rhine. On the 7th Sept. the five divisions led on by Marceau, Poncet, Hattray, Harville and Tillie, had effected their junction with the retreating army, and occupied a fortified camp in the vicinity of Weizlar and Wilbadern.

The army of the North had at the same time advanced to the banks of the Sieg and will form the corps de reserve of the united forces of Jourdan.

It may therefore reasonably be expected, that a general battle will take place between the rivers Mein and Lahn. If the French are unsuccessful, notwithstanding their advantageous position and immense force, they will be obliged to fall back partly to the Sieg and partly to Neuwied across the Rhine; if on the contrary the Austrians are defeated, they will find it difficult to have a single corps of their army.

VIENNA, September 7.

The accounts, which according to the Court Gazette, the Archduke Charles has sent in from Burg-Eberbach, go as far as the 23d August, and are of the most pleasing nature: the occurrences detail therein go as far as the taking possession of Bamberg by our troops. Already since the 27th August, they could not attack the enemy on account of their precipitate retreat. General Starry was dispatched with more than 20 battalions and 50 squadrons in order by a flanked march to gain from them advantages of their position near Forcheim. The enemy were to be attacked the 30th at that place, but they had left it the day before. Our troops thereupon marched into Forcheim, and afterwards the rear guard of the enemy being driven back like-wisely into Bamberg. It was field marshal lieutenant Kray, who drove the enemy out of Bamberg and took a number of prisoners; a considerable magazine, which had been collected by requisition, an hospital. The enemy having retreated towards Schweinfurt on the 31st, in such a hurry that it was not possible to overtake them, his royal highness caused the same to be pursued by detached corps on the bank of the Mayn, and with the main army he continued his march towards Wurtzburg, in order to gain this post before the enemy, and by a flanked march to impede their retreat or to attack them immediately in case they should make a stand. As soon as Prince Lichtenstein saw the retreat of the enemies' baggage on the other part of the Mayn, he sent immediately a detachment of cavalry through the river, which fell upon the baggage, took several waggons and horses, dispersed the whole train and took 12 officers with 300 men prisoners. Two days before captain Taimier had taken 27 powder waggons from the enemy near Eitman, and patrol of Count Gircourt, had the courage to force their way into Bamberg, though yet in possession of the enemy, to cause the greatest confusion there and to take 2 officers and 80 privates.

BAMBERG, September 9.

On the 7th, the head quarters of the Archduke were at Shausfemburg. On the night of the 7th he received a courier from General Kray, which announced that he had taken 2000 prisoners near Frankfort, and a park of artillery consisting of 80 pieces of cannon. The French garrison of the citadel of Wurtzburg, surrendered prisoners to the number of 1100 men.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Sunday evening the 16th inst. at Horse-Neck, by the Rev. Dr. Lewis, Mr. BREZELIEL BROWN, to Miss CHARLOTTE MARSHALL, both of that place.

On Wednesday the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, of Hempstead, Mr. ISAAC HAGNER, to Miss HANNAH TOFFY, daughter of Mr. Daniel Toffy, both of Herricks, (L. I.)

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. JOHN TEN BROOK, merchant, to Miss ALITHEA SICKELS, daughter of Mr. John Sickels, both this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. GEORGE STEWART, to Miss NANCY BRANT, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. CASPER SEMBLER, to Miss HANNAH SMITH, both of this city.

First Night.

T H E A T R E.

ON MONDAY EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED,

A TRAGEDY, called, The

MYSTERIOUS MONK.

In act 3d, An ODE and CHORUSSES,

Sung by Monks, Nuns, and Orphans.

Vocal parts by Messrs. Tyler, Johnson, Munio, Macgrath, Lee, Woolis, &c. Mrs. Hodgkinson. Miss Brett, Miss Harding, Miss Seymour, &c.

MUSIC BY Mr. PELISIER.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A COMEDY, in 3 acts, called, The

MIDNIGHT HOUR.

BOX 8s. PIT 6s. GALLERY 4s.

* * The Doors will be opened a Quarter after Five, and the curtain drawn up a Quarter after Six o'clock.

†† Places in the Boxes, and Tickets, as usual.

TAKEN up in the inclosure of the subscriber, on Saturday the 8th inst. a BLACK MARE, eight or nine years old, marked T. V. on her near thigh, with a fore on it, likewise with two white hind feet, and her near foot white; the owner is requested to prove property and pay charges, and take her away.

East Chester, JAMES N. ROOSEVELT.
October 29, 1796.

TWO SHARES in the New-York Society Library,

for sale, Enquire at this Office. Also,

A SUBSCRIPTION for the ENCYCLOPEDIA,

Now publishing by Thomas Dobson, in Philadelphia, 16 Volumes have already come to hand.

WILLIAM PALMER,

Painter, Gilder, Varnisher & Japanner,

No. 2, Broad-street,

HAS for sale, a quantity of elegant Japan, Fancy Chairs, which he will sell upon the lowest possible terms.

W. Palmer Varnishes Drawings, Paper Cornices, &c. &c. so as to heighten and preserve the spirit and brightness of the colours from all kind of dirt, and gives the piece an elegant beauty and durability.

Cornices, walls, &c. which are thus varnished, may be washed with equal effect to any Japan ware.

Oil and Burnished Gilding on Glass, neatly executed, N. B. Orders from town or country in any of the above branches, will be gratefully received and punctually executed. 3s—d.

A Convenient new Two Story House

To be Sold, or Leased for seven years.

For particulars enquire of DANIEL BALDWIN, on the Premises, No. 219, William-street.

October 15. 33 if

Court of Apollo.

MASONIC SONG.

ADDRESSED TO THE CRAFT, ON ENTERING A LODGE.
BY A MEMBER.

TUNE—"See the conquering Hero comes."

BEHOLD you dome uprear'd on high,
Fram'd by an architect divine,
Whose lofty pillars reach the sky,
Where wisdom, strength, and beauty join:
To form a building, which shall stand,
In spite of Time's destroying hand.

In it let us to work repair,
While solemn silence reigns around,
Be secrecy each Mason's care,
Left babblers tread on hallow'd ground,
While we practise the mystic art,
To improve the mind and cheer the heart.

Our noble order e'er shall brave
Oppression's scourge and envy's sting:
Shall feed the hungry, free the slave,
And make the widow's heart to sing:
To no persuasion e'er confid'd,
It deals its blessings to mankind.

Harlin and Caverly,

HAVE removed to their new Store, No. 27, Albany
Pier, west side of Coenties-slip, where they have for
sale, a general assortment of

China, Glass and Earthen Ware,

About 2000 yards tow cloth, and a quantity of check
Flannel. Also,

One Lot of ground, at the shipyards, near Col. Rutgers,
and three lots on the Greenwich road, adjoining lots of
Wm. W. Gilbert, Esq. And,

A handsome bay Horse, four years old, he is very plea-
sant under the saddle, and has been broken to the gears,
is found and free of faults.

They will likewise receive in store, and sell upon com-
mission, most kinds of country produce.

To Let, the Store and a spacious cellar, No. 85, Pearl-
street.

Wanted, Two or Three Men that are acquainted with
packing crockery, apply as above.

October 1, 1796.

31--4f.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of FOSBROOK and SMITH being
dissolved by mutual consent, the public are respect-
fully informed that the subscriber has taken the Store;
where, on the most reasonable terms, may be had, as usual,
a general assortment of

Ironmongery, Cutlery,

Mechanic's Tools, Japanned Ware, Swords, do. Blades,
Fencing Foils, Single and double barrel Fowling Pieces,
Muskets, Hossler and Pocket Pistols, &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS R. SMITH.

For Sale, at a very reduced price,

400 Light Horse & Hanger Blades.

Aug. 13, 1796.

24--4f.

SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and
particularly her friends, that she has removed to No.
35, Roosevelt-street, where she will thankfully receive
any commands in the line of her business, and flatters
herself that she will merit the future custom and appro-
bation of her employers.

Nov. 14, 1795.

83--

A. W. LAY.

Watch Maker and Jeweller,

No. 85, Nassau-street,
N. B. Watch cases of every kind neatly made.
New-York, July 30.

21 4f

JOHN HARRISON

No. 3, Peck-Slip.

HAS RECEIVED IN ADDITION TO HIS FORMER ASSORT-
MENT, THE FOLLOWING

New and Entertaining Novels.

MYSTERIES of Udolpho, Ghost-Seer,
French Adventurer, Solyman and Fatima,
Italian Nun, Child of Providence, Young Widow,
Herman of Unna, Son of Ethelwolf, Fatal Follies,
Honoria Sommerville, John of Gaunt,
Arabian Tales, Victim of Passion, Arabian Nights,
Eloisa, with the Sequel of Julia,
Charles Mandaville, Arundel, German Gil Blas,
Edwy, son of Ethelred the Second, an historic tale,
Rock of Modree, or the Legend of Sir Elthram,
Count Roderick's Castle, Haunted Priory,
Inquisitor, (by Mrs Rowson) Romance of the Forest,
Baroness d'Altantun, Emely Montague,
Gonzalvo of Cordova, Mystic Couger of Chamonny,
Evelina, or the History of a young lady's entrance into the
world.

Perfidious Guardian, or Vicissitudes of Fortune,
Simple Story, House of Tynian, Joseph,
Siege of Belgrade, Sydney and Eugenia,
Life of Samuel Simkins, Esq. Gabrielle de Vergey,
Recluse of the Apennines, Sympathetic Tales,
Rencounter, or Transition of a Moment,
Philanthropic Rambler, Moral Tales, Baron Trenck,
Danish Massacre, Trilram Shandy, Fool of Quality,
Julia Benson, Almoraz and Hamet,
Man of Feeling, Sorrows of Werter, Joseph Andrews,
Vicar of Wakefield, Pamela, Man of the World,
Julia de Robigne, Citizen of the World,
Telemachus, Visit of a Week, Rural Walks,
Sentimental Journey, Letters of an American Farmer,
Roderick Random, Entertaining Novelist,
Devil on two Sticks, (French and English)
Queen of France, Memoirs of Mrs Coglan,
Museum of Agreeable Entertainment, Boyle's Voyages,
Gullavus Vassa, Tales of Past Times, (French and English)
Robinson Crusoe, (large) Gulliver's Travels, ditto.
Democrat, Bloody Buoy.

MISCELLANEOUS AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Lady's Library, Centaur not Fabulous, Hive,
Fabulous History, Rambler, Alop's Fables,
Thomson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts,
Flowers of History, Lessons of a Governor,
Father's Instructions, Spectator, Mrs Rowe's Letters,
Mrs Bleecker's Posthumous Works, Homer's Iliad,
Milton's Works, Johnson's Lives of the Poets,
Pleasant Instructor, Select Stories, Childrens Friend,
Spirit of Despotism, Zimmermann on Solitude,
Cain's Lamentations over Abel, Volney's Ruins,
Bennet's Letters to a Young Lady, Bennet's Strictures,
Columbian Muse, Goldsmith's Works, Messiah,
Rights of Woman, Miscellaneous Works,
Elegant Miscellanies, Chronicles of the Kings of England,
Lavater on Physiognomy, (with elegant engravings.)

DIVINITY.

Folio and Quarto Bibles, with Plates,
Burket on the New Testament, Signs of the Times,
Watson's Apology for the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress,
Psalms of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church,
Ainsworth's Testifies, Religious Courtship,
Fletcher's Spiritual Letters, Fletcher's Life,
Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualized,
Hervey's Meditations, Mrs. Chapon's Letters,
Dodridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,
Edwards' Enquiry, Devout Christian,
Owen on Communion, Blossoms of Morality,
Owen's Discourse concerning the Holy Spirit,
Family Instructor, Moral Instructor,
Christian Journal, Butler's Sermons,
Edwards on Virtue, Force of Truth,
Mrs. Davie's Diary, Guy's Sermons,
Hunter's Life of Christ, Lime-street Lectures,
Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women, &c. &c.

ALSO,

QUARTO WOVE POST, and FOOLSCAP (best Qual-
ity) ENGLISH PAPER.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Childrens Books and School Books.

American and English Playing Cards,

By the grace, dozen, or single pack.

Hibbert's Brown Stout, & Best London Porter,

Imported in the Ship Triumph, from London, and for
Sale at a small advance on the original cost, by
MICHAEL MOORE, and CO.

AT THEIR

PORTER VAULTS,

No. 77, John-street, late Golden-hill, at the house of C.
HAYLAND, Merchant Tailor, one of the Company.
By the tierce, containing 6, 7, and 8 dozen, and by the
single dozen. Also,

Bath and Liverpool Ale, American Porter and Cyder.
Merchants, Captains of vessels, whether in town or
country, may be supplied at the shortest notice, and all
orders shall be carefully attended.

N. B. A generous price given for empty bottles.
October 8.

32 4f

Fellows' Circulating Library,

CONTAINING the latest and most approved NOVELS,
&c. is kept in Wall-street, No. 60.

Subscribers pay in advance, 40s. a year, 18s. a quarter,
3s. a month. Non-subscribers 1s. for an 8vo. volume six
days, 6d. for a 12 mo. 3 days.

31 4f

October 1, 1796.

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, Miliner,

From London, has removed from the Shop, No. 59,
Maiden-lane, to No. 133, William-street,

AND takes this method to inform her friends and the
public that she has received in some of the best vessels
from London. Drefs and half drefs caps, bonnets, hats,
&c. straw wreaths and sprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Ek-
gant rich silk gauze for dresses, some fashes, and a variety
of ribbons,

New-York, May 2, 1796.

90 4f.

Bills of Exchange.

FOREIGN and inland Bills of Exchange, elegantly en-
graved and printed, on superfine bank post, may be
had either bound or in sheets, or by the single set, by ap-
plying to JOHN BUCKER, jun. Copper-Plate Printer, at
No. 167, William-street, (the third door from the corner
of Beekman-street) Orders from any part of the United
States in the above line will be executed with the strictest
precision.

N. B. An Apprentice wanted to the abovebusiness.

July 30.

28 4f

Attention!!! Young Ladies.

At No. 60, CATHARINE-STREET,

ARE taught the following Branches of Education to Youth
of both Sexes, viz. Reading, Writing, Arithme-
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School is now open for Young Men and Apprentices. Poor
Girls are taught Gratis on Sabbath Days.

16--4f.

THOMAS PEDLEY,

PERUKE-MAKER, HAIR DRESSER, & PERFUMER

MOST respectfully returns his thanks to his customers
and the public, and informs them, that he carries on
his business in the house formerly occupied by Mr. James
Rose, No. 219, Water-street, near Crane-Wharf. Where
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Gentlemen; tates, braids and curls for Ladies, in the ac-
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244f

EDUCATION.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public in
general, that he still continues his Seminary at No. 10,
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An Evening School,

at the same place; where his pupils will be instructed in
all the branches usually taught in the English language, on
the most approved plans. WALTER TOWNSEND
New-York, Sept. 23, 1796.

31--4f.

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